Bold Sawyer.

COme all ye jolly ſailors with courage ſtout and bold,
Come enter with bold Sawyer, he'll cloath you all in gold,
Repair on board the Old Naſſau,
As fine a ſhip as e'er you ſaw,
We'll make the French to ſtand in awe,
She's mann'd with Britiſh boys.

Commander Keppel with his good deſign,
Commanded the ſquadron, five ſail of the line,
The Prince Edward of forty guns,
The Firedrake and Furnace bombs,
To take Goree. it muſt be done,
By true Britiſh boys.

The 29th of October from Spithead we ſet ſail,
Kind Neptune convey'd us with a ſweet and pleaſant gale,
So ſteering on the Barbary ſhore,
Diſtance about ten leagues or more,
The wind at Weſt aloud did roar,
Stand by ye Britiſh boys.

So ſteering on the lee ſhore until the break of day,
We ſpy'd a lofty ſail on the Barbary ſhore to lay,
In great diſtreſs ſhe ſeem'd to be,
Her guns all overboard threw ſhe,
Which prov'd the Litchfield for to be,
With all her Britiſh boys.

The wind blowing hard we could give them no relief,
A ſtretching on the lee ſhore we touch'd at Teneriff,
So watering the ſhips at Santa Cruz,
Taking good wine for our ſhip's uſe,
We ſold our cloaths good wine to booze,
Like brave Britiſh boys.

Our ſhip being water'd, and plenty of good wine,
We hoiſted up our topſails, and croſt the tropic line,
The wind at Weſt the leading gale,
Our gallant ſhip did ſweetly ſail,
Steady along, ſhe ne'er will fail,
With all her Britiſh boys.

Steady a port! don't bring her by the lee!
Yonder is the flag-ſtaff at Goree, I do ſee,
We brought the city within ſight,
Anchor'd in Goree bay that night,
Clear'd our ſhips ready to fight,
Like brave Britiſh boys.

Early the next morning the Prince Edward of 40 guns
Was ſtation'd off the Iſland, to cover our two bombs,
The old Naſſau ſhe led the van,
With all her jovial fighting men,
The drums did beat, to quarters ſtand
Like brave Britiſh boys.

We ſail'd up to their batteries as cloſe as we could lay,
Our guns from the top and poop aloud did play,
Which made the French cry, Marblieu!
Diabel! what ſhall we do?
Here comes bold Sawyer, and all his crew,
They're all Britiſh boys.

Then follow'd by the Dunkirk and Torbay,
The guns aloud did rattle, and ſhells aloud did play,
Which made the French their batteries ſhun,
And from their trenches for to run,
The flag was ſtruck, the fight was done,
O huzza! my Britiſh boys.

The Naſſau and Dunkirk, and Torbay of renown,
Three as fine ſhips as belong to the crown,
The only ſhips that fought ſo free,
In taking of the Iſle of Goree,
They are all Britiſh boys.

Boaſt not of Frenchmen, nor yet of Macaroni,
Sawyer's as big a hero as ever you did hear,
Whilſt the ſhot around him did flee,
In engaging twice the Iſle of Goree,
As valiant men as ever you ſee,
They are all Britiſh boys.

Here's a health to King George our ſovereign majeſty,
Likewiſe to bold Sawyer that fought the French ſo free,
Our officers and all our crew
Are valiant men as e'er you knew,
So here's a health to all true blue,
My brave Britiſh boys.